Gordon and the Famous Visitor

Based on the Railway Series
by The Rev. W. Awdry

Television story by
Britt Allcroft and David Mitton

It was an important day in the yard. Crowds had gathered Everyone was busy and excited - making notes and taking photographs.'

A special visitor had arrived and was now the centre of attention.

"Who is that?" whispered Duck to Thomas.

"That" said Thomas proudly "is a Celebrity."

"A what?" asked Percy.

"A celebrity" replied Thomas "is someone who is very famous. Driver says we can talk to him soon."

"Oh" said Duck awed. "He's probably too famous to even notice us."

Just then Gordon puffed by.

"Pah" said Gordon. "Who cares. A lot of fuss about nothing if you ask me" and he steamed away.

Later that night the engines found that the visitor wasn't conceited at all. He enjoyed talking to the other engines till long after the stars came out.

He left early next morning.

Gordon was still complaining.

"Good riddance" he grumbled. "Chattering all night, keeping you all awake. Who is he anyway?"

"I told you" replied Thomas. "He's famous."

"As famous as me?" said Gordon. "Nonsense!"

"He's famouser than you. He went 100 miles an hour before you were even thought of."

"So he says" huffed Gordon. "But I didn't like his looks."

"He's got no dome. Never trust domeless engines - they're not respectable."

"I never boast", continued Gordon "but 100 miles an hour would be easy for me. Goodbye!"

Duck took some trucks to Edward's station.

"Hello" called Edward.

"The Famous Engine came through this morning. He whistled to me. Wasn't he kind?"

"He's the finest engine in the world" replied Duck. Then he told Edward what Gordon had said.

"Take no notice" soothed Edward. "He's just jealous. He thinks no engine should be famous but him. Look! He's coming now."

Gordon was running very fast. His wheels pounded the rails.

"He did it! I'll do it. He did it, I'll do it." Gordon's train rocketed past and was gone.

"He'll knock himself to bits" snorted Duck.

Gordon's driver eased him off. "Steady Gordon - we aren't running a race!"

"We are then" said Gordon, but he said it to himself.

Soon Gordon began to feel a little strange.

"The top of my boiler seems funny" he thought. "It's just as if something is loose. I'd better go slower."

But it was too late.

On the viaduct, they met the wind. It was a teasing wind which blew suddenly in hard puffs.

Gordon thought it wanted to push him off the bridge.

"No you don't" he said firmly.

But the wind had other ideas. It curled round his boiler, crept under his loose dome and lifted if off and away into the valley below.

Gordon was most uncomfortable.

The cold wind was whistling through the hole where his dome should be and he felt silly without it.

At the Big Station, trucks were laughing at him. Gordon tried to "Wheesh" them away but they stayed crowded round no matter what he did.

On the way back to the shed he wanted his driver to stop and fetch his dome.

"We'll never find it now" replied the driver. "You'll have to go to the Works and be fitted with a new one.

Gordon was very cross.

He hoped the shed would be empty but all the engines were there waiting.

"Never trust domeless engines" said a voice "they aren't respectable."

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NB: Narrative duration 3.45.

Thomas, Percy and the Dragon

Based on the Railway Series
by The Rev. W. Awdry

Television story by
Britt Allcroft and David Mitton

Thomas and Percy are good friends but sometimes Percy teases Thomas about being frightened and he doesn't like that at all.

One evening he was dozing happily in the shed but Percy wanted to talk.

"Wake up Thomas - are you dreaming about the time you thought I was a ghost?"

"Certainly not" replied Thomas.

"Anyway, I was only pretending to be scared. I knew it was you really."

Percy went on teasing him.

"I hope the guard leaves a light on for you."

"Why?" asked Thomas.

"Well - you'd be afraid of the dark if he didn't" teased Percy.

Thomas said no more and went to sleep instead.

Next day, the Fat Controller came to see Thomas.

"I would like you and your driver to go to the Harbour tonight. You have to collect something rather unusual."

"What sort of something?" asked Thomas.

"Wait and see" replied the Fat Controller.

Thomas was puzzled but pleased. He liked the harbour and puffed happily out of the station.

"Peep-peep goodbye Percy" he whistled.

Percy was moving trucks into a siding.

Henry arrived with his goods train. The signalman switched the points and Percy waited on the siding until Henry had steamed by.

Then there was trouble.

"The points are jammed" called the signalman. I can't switch them back for Percy. The workmen will have to mend them in the morning. It's too late now."

"Hmm" said Percy's driver. "I'm sorry Percy but you will have to stay here for the night."

"Where are you going?" asked Percy.

"Home for our tea" replied the fireman.

Percy was speechless.

He watched as the other engines went home to the shed.

"Oh deary me" said Percy. It's very dark."

SFX - OWL HOOTING

"Oh - ooh - what's that!"

It was only an owl but Percy didn't realise this. He felt rather frightened.

"I wish Thomas was here too" he sighed.

Thomas was waiting for his mysterious load at the harbour.

Suddenly - there it was!

"Cinders and ashes" cried Thomas. "It's a dragon."

"Don't worry" laughed his Driver "this dragon is made of paper. It's for the big carnival tomorrow".

Workmen lifted the dragon on to Thomas's low loader and put lights all round it for protection. Then Thomas set off through the night - steaming closer and closer towards Percy who was standing all alone in the siding.

"Wheesh" SFX

Percy woke up with a start. First he could see nothing but big billows of smoke, then he saw the lights, and then...

PERCY SEES DRAGON

"Help" cried Percy. "I'm not going to open my eyes until my driver comes."

Next morning the points were mended and Percy puffed back into the station.

Gordon was just pulling out with the Express.

"You'll never guess what I saw last night" stuttered Percy.

Gordon was in no mood for puzzles.

"I'm a very busy engine. I don't have time for your games."

"I've seen a huge dragon" continued Percy. "It was covered in lights."

Gordon snorted.

"You've been in the sun too long. Your pistons have cracked."

When the other engines heard the news, they laughed too.

"Look out Percy" chuckled James "or the dragon may gobble you up!"

"No one believes me" huffed Percy.

But he spent the rest of the day wondering if the other engines were right.

"Maybe I did imagine the dragon after all" he said to himself.

Percy was waiting at the station when Thomas, who had cut off steam, ran silently into the station.

Percy couldn't see Thomas, all he could see - moving silently along - was the Dragon!

"Help, save me" cried Percy.

"Peep-peep" whistled Thomas. "It's all right Percy" and he explained everything.

Percy was very relieved.

"Oh, by the way" added Thomas "how was your night out? It's a good thing you're not afraid of the dark!"

Percy didn't reply but that night he decided to tell Thomas the truth about his night out.

"Well, Percy" said Thomas "maybe we do get scared sometimes, but if we're not afraid to tell each other this, then maybe that means we're quite brave too!"

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Henry's Forest

Based on the Railway Series
by The Rev. W. Awdry

Television story by
Britt Allcroft and David Mitton

Henry the Green Engine has lived on the Island of Sodor for many years.

He likes every part of it - from the fields filled with flowers to the white sandy beaches, but there is one place that Henry always enjoyed visiting more than any other.

His driver knew this too.

"Come on Henry" he would sometimes say. "We've made good time today. We'll stop for a while by the forest."

Henry loved it here. It was full of oak trees and pine trees.

Henry could remember the day long ago when he and Toby brought some new trees to be planted and Terence and Trevor helped haul them into place.

Now he could see them growing amongst the others on the hillside.

Henry always felt better for being here. He couldn't really explain why but his driver understood.

"It's peaceful" he said to Henry.

But one night, everything changed.

The engines were resting in the shed.

"Listen" said Thomas. "Can you hear a strange whistling sound?"

"It's the wind blowing outside our shed" replied Toby. "But I've never heard it like this before."

"Do you know" added James "if Gordon wasn't here now, I'd say it was him flashing by with the Express."

All the engines laughed, except Henry.

"I hope the wind won't harm the forest" he said.

By the time morning came, the fierce winds had gone but the damage was done.

Henry's driver came to see him in the yard.

"Trees have fallen on the line" he said. "We must help clear the tracks." And they set off with a train of flat trucks.

Trees lay everywhere.

The hillside now looked so bare.

Henry felt sad.

Terence and Trevor both came to help get the job done.

They dragged the trees off the line and loaded them into the trucks.

Then Henry took the huge logs to the timber mill where they would be turned into furniture and other things.

Henry was glad the wood was being put to good use but he was still sorry to lose part of his forest.

"Deary me" sighed Toby to Thomas. "I wish there was something we could do to make things better again."

"Yes indeed" replied Thomas. "But what? We can't mend broken trees!"

Toby puffed slowly into the yard.

"Hello Toby" said the Fat Controller. "You do look glum."

"I'm sad about the trees" said Toby. "And so is Henry. The forest is a special place to him. Now some of it is gone."

"We'll soon put that right" replied the Fat Controller. "I have an important job for you Toby. I would like you to take some trucks to the forest for me."

When they arrived, Toby was delighted.

The trucks were full of splendid young trees all ready for planting.

"This is the best job I've ever had" whistled Toby.

When Henry returned from the timber mill, he was surprised.

There were Terence and Trevor busily helping the workmen clear the torn stumps and branches.

"Look Henry" called Terence. "We're beginning again - the hillside will look better than ever before, you'll see."

Now, whenever Henry stops by the forest, he can see the new trees growing strong and tall.

Sometimes everywhere is very quiet - and at other times he can hear leaves rustling, or a bird's wing brushing the air.

Often he can hear the distant sound of children laughing and always he is happy here.

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The Trouble with Mud

Based on the Railway Series
by The Rev. W. Awdry

Television story by
Britt Allcroft and David Mitton

One autumn morning Thomas was being cleaned when Gordon arrived.

Mud had blown all over his smart blue paint.

"Hello Gordon" called Thomas. "You look as if you've just had a mudbath - be a sensible engine and have a shower instead."

Gordon snorted.

"I haven't time to dawdle over my appearance like fussy little tank engines do."

"Silly stick in the mud" laughed Thomas.

The weather grew worse.

"Whew Gordon, slow down" called his Driver.

This made Gordon even crosser.

"I'll be dirty and late, dirty and late" he hissed. "What an insult, what an insult."

At the next station was a sign: 'All Trains Must Wash Down Daily'.

James had just finished being cleaned.

"Come on Gordon" said his Driver, "you'll feel better after a good hose down."

"Paah" said Gordon and angrily let off steam.

Mud went everywhere.

"You're a very naughty engine" said Gordon's driver. "Now James will need another shower. We'll be late if we wait here for your turn."

"Good riddance" huffed Gordon. "I'm far too busy to waste time with water."

He finished his journey safely and steamed into the big station.

The Fat Controller was waiting. So were Gordon's coaches. They were full of important visitors.

"Goodness, gracious" said the Fat Controller, "you can't pull the train. Henry will have to do it. And Gordon, you'd better get washed straight away."

Gordon was soon being cleaned.

"Mind my eyes" he grumbled.

Then he pulled trucks for the rest of the day.

"Goods trains, goods trains" he spluttered. He felt his position deeply.

"That's for you - and you - and you."

James was watching.

"Trucks will be trucks."

"They won't with me" snorted Gordon. "I'll teach them."

James got ready to take the Express.

"Be careful" warned Gordon. "The hills are slippery you may need help."

"I don't need help on hills" replied James huffily.

"Gordon thinks he knows everything" he muttered to himself.

Strong winds from the sea make it hard to climb Gordon's Hill and in autumn dead leaves from the trees fall everywhere.

The wind usually puffs them away but today rain made them heavy and they did not move.

The signal showed 'clear' and James began to go faster.

"I'll do it, I'll do it" he puffed confidently.

Half way up, he was not so sure.

"I must do it, I must do it." But his wheels slipped on the leaves.

He couldn't pull the train at all.

"Help, help" whistled James.

His wheels were turning forward but the heavy coaches pulled him backwards.

The whole train started slipping down the hill.

His Driver shut off steam, put on the brakes and carefully stopped the train.

Gordon, who had followed with a goods train, saw everything.

"Ah well, we live and learn" he said. "Never mind little James, I'm going to push behind."

Clouds of smoke and steam towered from the snorting engines as they struggled up the hill.

"We can do it" puffed James.

"We will do it" puffed Gordon.

At last they reached the top.

"Poop, poop" whistled Gordon, "goodbye".

"Peep, peep, thank you, goodbye" answered James.

Gordon watched the coaches wistfully till they were out of sight, then slowly he trundled back to his waiting trucks.

That night Gordon was miserable. Thomas and James wanted to help.

The Fat Controller came to see them.

"Please Sir" said Thomas. "Can Gordon pull coaches again now?"

The Fat Controller pondered.

"If you understand that having a good wash down is essential to every engine - then, yes Gordon, you may."

"Thank you" grunted Gordon.

The other engines settled happily to sleep.

"Dirty or clean, I'm a mean machine" murmured Gordon, but no-one heard but him.

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No Joke for James

Based on the Railway Series
by The Rev. W. Awdry

Television story by
Britt Allcroft and David Mitton

James is a special mixed traffic engine. This means he can pull both coaches and trucks.

He is proud of his smart red paint and so is his driver.

"Everyone says you brighten up their day, James."

One morning James whistled loudly at the other engines!

"Look at me, I am the smartest most useful engine on the line."

"Rubbish" replied Thomas. "We're all useful, the Fat Controller says so and he's Sir Topham Hatt, head of the whole railway."

"You know what James" added Percy.

"What" replied James.

"You're getting all puffed up!"

The others laughed but James huffed away.

Later he was still boasting.

"My driver says I'm the pride of the line."

"Huh" snorted Gordon. "I saw you pulling trucks today - you're only a Goods Engine!"

James was furious.

"I pull coaches too!"

"Not as much as I do" grunted Gordon.

"But the Fat Controller has big plans for me" continued James. He was only making this up but Gordon believed him.

"What plans?"

"Er - wait and see" replied James.

"Oh dear" he thought to himself. "Now what'll I do?!"

Soon James's fire was burning nicely.

"I won't be a moment James" said his driver. "I have to speak to the signalman."

Thomas was shunting coaches. They were shining new.

"Good morning James, called Thomas.

"Are those coaches for me?" asked James hopefully.

"No" replied Thomas. "These are for Gordon, I have some trucks for you. I'll fetch them next."

But James was making a plan.

"Actually Thomas" he babbled. "I'm taking the coaches - the Fat Controller asked me to tell you."

"What about the trucks?" asked Thomas.

"Er - give them to Gordon" ordered James.

"Come on Thomas" said his driver, "orders are orders."

So when James's driver returned, James was coupled to the coaches and he puffed away.

A few minutes later Gordon arrived.

"Where's the Express?"

Thomas told him about James.

"And so here are your trucks" he added.

Gordon was very cross and so was his driver.

"Wait till the Fat Controller hears about this!"

Meanwhile James was enjoying himself enormously.

"What a clever plan, what a clever plan" he chuffed.

Then he saw the Fat Controller.

"Some jokes are funny, but not this one James" he scolded. "You have caused a confusion."

"Yes Sir" said James.

"You will now stay in your shed until you are wanted." called

The other engines would not stop teasing him.

"I wonder who'll be pulling the Express today" said Gordon.

"I expect it'll be you" replied Henry. "James is stuck in the shed for being too smart!" smart alec

James felt sad.

He went back to work next morning.

"Hello" whistled Thomas. "Good to see you out and about again."

"I'm sorry I tricked you" said James. "Are these my trucks?"

"Yes" replied Thomas kindly. "They are pleased to have you back again."

James set off to the Harbour with his goods train of trucks.

He bustled about all day, pushing and pulling them into place.

"Time to go home now James" said his driver at last. "No trucks or passengers - just we two."

But he was wrong.

"Excuse me" called a man. "I have a meeting with Sir Topham Hatt and I mustn't be late. Can I ride back with you?"

"Of course" replied James's driver. Then he whispered to James, "This gentleman is a Railway Inspector."

James was most impressed.

He steamed along the line as smoothly and quickly as he could.

The Fat Controller was waiting on the platform and the Railway Inspector greeted him warmly.

"This clever engine gave me a splendid ride in this cab. You must be proud of him."

"Yes indeed" replied the Fat Controller. Then he turned to James.

"Once again you are a Really Useful Engine."

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Trust Thomas

Based on the Railway Series
by The Rev. W. Awdry

Television story by
Britt Allcroft and David Mitton

Somewhat complicated
Confusing
& story structure

Thomas the Tank Engine was feeling as bright and cheerful as the warm sun itself.

"Peep, peep, good morning" he whistled to some cows, but the cows didn't even look up.

"Never mind" said Thomas "I shouldn't have interrupted their breakfast anyway.

Next he saw Bertie.

"Hello Bertie - care for a race to the station?"

But all Bertie could say was ... "Ouch"

THOMAS BUMPS ON THE ROAD

"That's another hole in the road" sighed his driver.

Thomas was still in good spirits when Bertie at last arrived at the next station. He look glum.

"Bad luck Bertie" said Thomas. "Now if you were a steam engine, you would run on a pair of nice smooth rails."

"Huh" replied Bertie. "The railway was supposed to deliver some tar to mend the road 2 weeks ago. You can't trust a thing that runs on rails."

"Well I run on rails - you can trust me Bertie. I'll see if I can find out what's happened to the tar." And Thomas puffed away.

"Oh well" he sighed "at least I've got my wheels on the sunny side of the track!"

literally or figuratively

At the big station, James was snorting about in the yard.

"It's too bad" he grumbled. "Percy goes to do a day's work at the harbour and I have to do his job - here, there and everywhere - take that!"

He bumped the trucks hard.

"Ooh" groaned the trucks. "Just you wait - we'll show you."

Gordon laughed.

"I'll tell you what James - if you pretended to be ill everywhere, you couldn't shunt trucks here or go to the quarry there, could you!"

"What a good idea" replied James. "Look here comes Thomas. I'll start pretending now."

Thomas was sorry to see the 2 engines looking miserable.

"Cheer up" he puffed. "It's a beautiful day."

"Yes" heaved Gordon "but not for James."

"What's the matter?" asked Thomas.

"He's sick" replied Gordon.

"Yes, he is - I mean, I am" stuttered James. "I don't feel well at all."

Thomas's driver went to tell the Fat Controller.

"Don't worry" said Thomas kindly. "I'll help out if you're ill."

Gordon and James sniggered quietly to each other.

Then Thomas's driver returned with the news.

"The Fat Controller says they'll examine James as soon as possible. Meanwhile some stone is needed right now for the building work here. It's up to us Thomas."

Some trucks were coupled behind Thomas and soon he was steaming purposefully through the countryside towards the quarry.

But the trucks were still cross.

"We couldn't pay James back, so we'll play tricks on Thomas instead. One engine is as good as another" they whispered gleefully to each other.

complicated

But Thomas never heard a word. He collected all the stone from the quarry and then set off back to the yard.

A steep hill lay ahead.

"Now for our plan" giggled the trucks. "Go faster, go faster."

Thomas was half way down the hill as the trucks gathered speed.

"Slow down" called Thomas's driver and applied the brakes.

Thomas closed his eyes.

SPLISH, SPLOSH, SPLASH - SFX

Thomas was covered in muddy water from a nearby pond. He stood dazed and surprised as a toad eyed him suspiciously.

"Bust my buffers" muttered Thomas "the day started so well too."

in this context of parts + tools this will not confuse with unfortunate name perhaps switch

Whilst Duck came to pull away the trucks, Edward helped Thomas back to the yard.

Suddenly Thomas remembered about Bertie and the missing tar. He told Edward all about it.

"That's strange" said Edward. "A truck full of tar has been left at my station. That must be it. Driver will make sure it gets to Bertie now."

Later James spoke to Thomas.

"I'm sorry about your accident" he muttered "and so is Gordon" he added grimly. "He suggested I be ill in the first place."

Gordon spluttered "A mere misunderstanding Thomas - all's well that ends well."

"My road's being mended" tooted Bertie.

"I am glad" replied Thomas.

SFX TOAD CROAKING
TOAD IS STILL SITTING UPON THOMAS

"Thanks for all you did" went on Bertie. "Now I know I can trust an engine - especially if his name is Thomas."

Gordon and James puffed silently away to continue their own conversation in the shed!

First Draft
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NB: Narrative currently running at 4.00 minutes.